GRATIÆ THEATRALES,

OR

A choice Ternary of

ENGLISH PLAYS,

Composed upon especial occasions by several ingenious persons;

VIZ.

THORNY-Abbey, or *The LONDON-Maid*; a Tragedy, by *T. W.*

The Marriage-Broker, or *The Pander*; a Comedy, by *M. W.* M. A.

GRIM the Collier of CROYDON, or *The Devil and his Dame*; with the *Devil* and St. *Dunstan*: a Comedy, by *I. T.*

Never before published: but now printed at the request of sundry ingenious friends.

LONDON,

Printed by *R. D.* and are to be sold at the sign of the *Black Bear* in S. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1662.

To the accompliſh'd Travellour,
and Friend of the Muſes,

WILLIAM AUSTIN
ESQUIRE.

Sir,

AFter you have with much expence, and greater pains, ſearched what the world hath worthy to enrich ſo noble a mind; you have given your own now happy Countrey (becauſe you return'd) an eſſay of what it is to expect from your Pen, by the Poem conſecrated to the immortal name of our ſacred Majeſty. Sir, *but that I would not make you bluſh at your own vertue, I could tell you, how that Queens ſeem to have been deſign'd for the exercise of your Pen, as the fitteſt court the beſt of that ſex, which commanand the whole world. Thus that entertainment of* Queen Chriſtina *of* Sweden *at* Rome *had loſt its beſt ſo-*

lemnity

lemnity, had not she been famous by the large, but excellent Poem of yours, which so earnestly the learned world expects, and by me begs, that you would not deprive that work, and the world together of the light. But Sir, *since you are the Ocean whence Wit springs, justly you may expect that other Wits should pay their tribute in thankfull rivulets to your greatesse. To you therefore these Poems run as your due: but, were they not of themselves things of worth, your name prefixed had made them so. For there cannot want devotion to the building, where the frontispiece challenges so great a reverence, as all the world willingly pays to your name, but most particularly*

Your devoted Servant

R. D.

The Preface to the

READER.

Reader,

I *Juſtly urge that common excuſe for my ſelf, that the importunity of ſome of my ingenious Friends forced me to publiſh this* Ternary *of* Plays: *which are wrote with ſo much ingenuitie; that, though they were the* Maſter-pieces *of three ſeveral* Wits, *yet for the continued vein of vivacitie and ſpirit, which runs through them, they ſeem to have been compoſed but by one head. That they are no ſpurious off-ſpring, but the genuine product of noble Parentage, each will confeſs, who views but with a tranſitory eye the lineaments of their compoſure. Wherein, I can aſſure you, and your own judgement will tell you, they will finde nothing* flat, low,

nor sordid; *nor yet any* flatulent, puff-past, *or* enchanted *Language*, *fitter to raise Melancholy Devils, then to excite a modest laughter: nay, even in the last of all, where* bumbast *would, if ever, be proper, is so true a* Decorum *kept, that I know not whether any* Plot *was better suited with becoming* language, *or good* language *bestowed ever on a better* Plot. *I had once a fancie, there being three of them, to have entituled each to a particular* Grace; *but when I considered, how those* Goddesses *were painted by the* Antients *hand-in-hand, I was loth to doe them so much injurie as to part them: and indeed there being not a* Play *of them, wherein all the three* Deities *are not equally concerned, I thought it best to get them to stand* goddess-mothers *jointly for all three, to whose Patronage, and your perusal, they are committed.*

To the

READER.

WHile that queint *Prologues* th'*Hearer*'s *ears* bewitch,
'Tis, *Reader*, my design, your *eyes* to catch.
Our aim's in both alike; we to attain
Applause do strive, and get a private *gain*.
As cunning *Fencers* make at *parts below*,
When they intend to give the *Head* the blow:
So we do humbly court your *ears* and *eyes*,
While 'tis your *purse* we aim at for our *prize*.
A *Play*'s commended, if the *Stage* be *full*,
And what Book *sells well*, 's never counted dull.
Thus do the *Actor*'s and *Booksiller*' gains
Give the best judgement of the *Poet*'s brains.
Then ne're enquire how these *Plays* have took,
But buy them quickly, and commend the *Book*.

R. D.

To his worthy Friend Mr R. F. *upon his publishing his Ternary of* English Plays.

BElieve me, Friend, when t'other night you lent
Your *Plays* to read, I thought my time well spent:
For, though I would not *play* my time away,
I would *passe time* to read a well-penn'd *Play*.
And such are yours, in which all things so fit
Th' *Decorum* both of *Judgement*, and of *Wit*;
That, though *unpossest* yet, nor with *applause*
Or acted here or there, the *Comick* Laws
Are in them so well kept, that hence you may,
Were they all lost, pick *plot-forms* for a Play.
Nor need you doubt, in this our *Comick* Age,
Welcome acceptance for them from the *Stage*:
For, if 'tis true the *Proverb* doth express,
That ∴ *He's best Prophet, who doth nearest guess*,
This I'le dare to foretell, although no *Seer*,
That *Thorny-Abbey* will out-date *King* LEAR;
And *Captain* HOG his old Trade would give o're,
When his *Play*'s acted, might he keep the Door;
And who in *GRIM* spyes not both wit and pains,
Needs *Robin*'s flayl to beat it into's brains.
But if in *webs* so fine the *lists* chance shrink,
When you compare them, somewhat; or you think,
That I *Hyperbolize* more then is fit:
Excuse my *Judgement*, and accuse my *Wit*.

∴ Μάντις ἄριστος, ὅστις εἰκάζει καλῶς.

THEATRO-PHILOS.

THE PROLOGUES

To the ensuing *Plays*.

A Prelude to

THORNY-ABBEY.

Enter a Fool *with a Paper in his hand for a* Prologue.

Fool. HA! ha! I'me come now *at laſt*, or *at firſt*, which you will: for I am *firſt* here. D'ye call't a *Tragedy*? ſo they tell me it is, and that no *fools* muſt be in *Tragedies*; for they are *ſerious* matters, forſooth. But I ſay there may, and there muſt be *fools* in *Tragedies*, and you call them *Tragedies*, or there will be no *Tragedies*. And I tell you more, they are all *fools* in the *Tragedy*; and you are *fools*, that come to ſee the *Tragedy*; and the *Poet*'s a *fool*, who made the *Tragedy*, to tell a Story of a King and a Court, and leave a *fool* out on't; when in *Tacy*'s, and *Sommers*'s, and *Patche*'s, and *Archer*'s times, my venerable Predeceſſours, a *fool* was alwayes the *Principal Verb*; and, as I ſuppoſe, was ſo too long before that; and, as I ſuppoſe, when *Thorny* built his *Abbey* too; I, and as I ſuppoſe, we ſhall by his good leave, or without it, continue ſo ſtill to the end of the Chapter. But, now I talk of the *Principal Verb*, I have a *part* to ſay to you, if the *Prompter* would come to tell me, when I am out.

Enter Prompter, *and takes the* Fool's *Paper, and ſtands behind him.*

Fool. *We're to preſent you* ——— (Ha! ha! he thinks I have pigs in my belly.)

Prompter. Sirrah! go on: *We're to preſent you* ---

Fool. I won't have't non-ſence *We're to preſent you*-- but I'le hav't *I am to preſent you* ———

Prompter. And what are you to preſent them, I pray?

Fool.

Fool. A P-- a P-- a P-- a Pick-pocket.

Prompter. A fool's head: are not you? *a Pick-pocket*, quoth he; *a Prologue* you mean.

Fool. Why? I was sure, it began with a *P.* And though you will have it a *Prologue*, I say, it is a *Pick-pocket* too, I and a *Pick-pocket Prologue* too: for ask um, if all their pockets be'nt the worse for it.

The Prompter *offers to strike him, and he runs in.*

Prompter. Though he's unready in's part, I dare say,
He did intend to bid you *Welcome to our Play,*
What more he had to tell you in his mind,
I finde not by the Notes h'has left behind:
But within gather from their studied parts,
And tiring-habits, they will use their arts,
To shew how *Royal* bloud's reveng'd when spilt,
And *THORNY-Abbey* first came to be built,
A place for great devotion of much fame,
Which since to *Westminster* hath chang'd its name.
Then, if you'l silent sit, and *mum* not say,
The *Actors* enter, and begin the Play.

The Epilogue to *Thorny-Abbey.*

AFter so grave a Scene, since 'twere not fit
For to unhinge your thoughts with flashy Wit;
Or when the King and Court in mourning's clad
For *Thorny*'s death, that you alone be glad,

Lest

Leſt you approve your ſelves a kin to thoſe,
Who ſooner then comply with, Kings depoſe:
Th'old Hermit's Doctrine only wee'l apply,
And teach you from a Stage to learn to dy,
Whoſe Monumental Leſſon, though 't be true,
That death betides to Men, and ∴ Tapers too,
Yet this one favour we do hope you'l give,
Through your Applauſe that this our Play may live.

∴ *Here the Candles are putting out.*

The Prologue to the
MARRIAGE-BROAKER.

YOu, who are ſeated, and for entrance pay,
I bid you hearty *Welcome* to our Play.
A Play ſpan-new, and ne're yet on the ſcore
For th' Poet's faults, or what's the Actors more.
We therefore hope 'twill pleaſe: and reaſon good,
Since 'tdoth preſent no tale of *Robin Hood*,
No muſty Story dreſs'd in Phraſes new;
And yet you'l finde in't Wit and Language too.
Its ſubject is well known, a common Vice,
Made up of Riot, and foul Avarice:
For when a Royſter ſpends his fair Eſtate,
And penny-leſs'gins to repent too late,
His firſt-fetch'd project how again to thrive,
Is caſt about how richly he may Wive,

This

This soon is broke to some, whose reaching Wits
Can well contrive, and's conscience wrinkled sits:
Who, out of hope to share the prey, about
Soon plods, and finds the youth a Mistress out.
The Match soon made, they're married with all speed:
But hasty Weddings soon contention breed.
Our Play lays open every wile and gin
Whereby they coaks and draw the Females in:
Then be attent and since *fore arm'd fore warn'd*,
How to beware such guiles may hence be learn'd.

The Prologue to

GRIM the Collier of CROYDON.

YOu're *Well-come*: but our Plot I dare not tell yee,
For fear I fright a Lady with great belly:
Or should a Scold be 'mong you, I durst say,
Shee'd make more work, then th'Devil, in the Play.
Heard you not never how an Actor's wife,
Whom he fond fool, lov'd dearly as his life,
Coming in's way did chance to get a *jape*,
As he was 'tired in his Devil's shape,
And how *aquivocal* a generation
Was then begot, and brought forth thereupon?

Let

Let it not fright you; this I dare to say,
Here is no lecherous Devil in our Play.
He will not rumple *Peg*, nor *Joan*, nor *Nan*,
But ha's enough at home to do with *Marian*;
Whom he so little pleases, she in scorn
Doth teach his Devilship to wind the Horn.
But if your children cry when *Robin* comes,
You may to still them buy here Pears or Plums.
Then sit you quiet all, who are come in,
St. *Dunstan* will soon enter, and begin.

THORNY.

THORNY-ABBEY,

OR

The LONDON-MAID.

A

TRAGEDY,

Written by *T. W.*

LONDON,
Printed in the year 1662.

The Persons who, are represented in

THORNY-ABBEY.

Sibert Earl of *Coventry*.
Emma, his Wife.
The Earl of *Wiltshire*.
The *KING*.
Lucius, a Bishop.
Prince *Edmund*, the King's Brother.
Ann, Daughter to old *Thorny*.
Lobster, old *Thorny*'s Man.
Joan, his Maid.
Old *Thorny*.
Mr. *Woodford*, his Cosen.
Gaufreid, an Attendant on Prince *Edmund*, and his Pander.
Two Murderers.
The King's Guard.
Pages to the King. A Post.
A Constable with Beadles attending.
Chorus with dumb Shews.
Two Citizens, over-seers of *Thorny*'s Will.
Abbess of *Haly-well*.
Edmund, the King's base Son by *Ann*, old *Thorny*'s Daughter.

The Scene *LONDON*.

THORNY-ABBEY,

Or

The London Maid.

Ent. *Sibert* Earle of *Coventry*. *Emma*. The Earle of *Wiltshire* meeting them.

Sibe. GOod day and wellcom too my Lord of *Wiltshire*.

Wilt. Most Noble *Sibert*, Earle of *Coventry*, Our good King longes to see you.

Sib. Is he alighted?

Wilt. Yes Sir, & at your Castle-gate he stands, Cloyd with Petitioners, from whose humble hands
He fils his own with papers of complaints,
Still promising redress and comfort to them.

Sib. Hee's a right gratious Prince: the fire of Hell
Consume the Slaves and their petitions,
For *Sibert* is not free from their complaints:
I fear our ruines.

Emma. Why should *Sibert* fear?
The King, nor all the Land can wrong thee here.

Sib. A thousand hearts must bleed first: harke he comes.

Enter *King*, *Bishop*, Prince *Edmund*, Earle of *VViltshire*, Attendants.

King. Oh me, good Heavens, what strange petitions
Have these poor people here deliver'd us?
Command them all to morrow here attend us,
Where we will answer their petitions.
Renowned *Sibert*, Earl of *Coventry*,
To you and your vertuous Lady here,
For som few dayes we must be troublesome.
Sib. Great King, my State, my Castle, self & all
Here in obedience at your feet shall fall.
King. We thank you both.
Come Brother *Edmund* take your place by us.
Good Bishop *Lutius*, rest your Reverend age:
And you good Earle of *Wiltshire* counsell us
To work the Commons safety of the Land,
And weigh all doubts with an impartial hand;
Only for this our resolution makes
A progress through the Land, with our own eyes
To looke into the States inormityes.
Sib. 'Twill be a deed worthy your eare and care.
King. So had it need, good *Sibert*, for we here intend
To see the poor man's wrongs payd with redress;
And let not great theeves swallow up the less.
Wilt. It is not well my Leige, for since you came
From your Court at London still you see
Corruption like a loathsome leprosy
Hath made the faire face of ag'd ancestry
Deform'd and hatefull. Temples, erected only
To holy uses, are now for thrift turnd into barnes and stables.

Edm.

Edm. 'Twere fit for to reform them.
Royall Brother, such ulcers found
Must needs be cut, least they corrupt what's sound.
King. Such & farre worse the sad complaints here speak:
But by my Crown we'le have them all remov'd.
Brother, back you to London to your Earldom,
And in our name, summon all the Citizens
Unto a generall Councill, and there make
A stric't inquiry both of all offences, and
The Offenders see that you punish.
Bish. Happy is *England* in so blest a King,
Whose only pleasure is his Subjects safety,
Edm. Our self will play the thrifty husbandman,
And plucke the ranke weedes from the fruitfull earth,
That Justice may manure our tillage so,
That Peace may spring and Equity still grow.
King. And herein shall you doe your self much right;
For know, my Brother, all my studies be
To banish vice, and call back exilde virtue,
And but to leave it quietly to Thee,
That art true heyre to all our Soveraignty.
Edm. Which care if it fall on this tender unapt prop,
I shall with patience bear the heavy load,
And with my care break my now quiet sleep,
And let my eyes and eares still open be
To heare and see with pure integrity.
King. Brother be gone;
You are the Earle of London; let us see
The City by your care so ordered be,
That no oppression wrong her: pray be carefull.

Edm. Brother I shall, and so I take my leave
For to redress in what I can the wrongs
Of the poor wretches that with bended knees
Throw down their wrongs & prayers all at once.
Oh, may their eare be deaf that stops their eares
Against the poor, that plead with supplyant teares. *Exit.*

King. Be it your charge, good *Sibert*, to proclaim
In all the government you hould of us;
As Gloster, Worster, Warwicke, Coventry,
That all oppressed people may repair
Here to your Castle, where wee'l doe them Justice.

Sib. I shall my Leige. the Divel shall damme um first,

King. Keep carefully those papers, they contain
Severall complaints, for whose redress our self
Will this day sitt in Counsel to determine.
Believe me Lords, that Prince whose faire example
Drawes other to be good, may justly claim.
His peoples love and live in books of Fame. *Exit.*

Sib. So then I see in this the threatning storm is come,
And points at me, which we must cast to shunne.
So all those ills he means to punish now:
My Conscience tells me I have in some sort acted:
Tush, what of that, who dares accuse me for't.
Say, on my back I wear the poor mans sweat;
My power and greatness might have borne that out,
But that this vertuous King in this bad age
Will needs be good, and here in my own house
Grant some access unto the multitude,

Tha

That all with baſe exclaimes as loud as thunder,
Accuſe my actions, and in them my life.

Ent. *Emma.*

Em Come Sir, I have overheard your paſſion;
Take my counſell, let not the name of King
Diſhearten Thee, or ſtrike amaſing terror to thy heart!
Were it ten Kings that ſhould oreturn my State,
I'de work my ſafety out of all their ruines.

Sib. Oh, He or I muſt down.

Em. Then let him die.
There is no other way to ſet you free.

Sib. Thou haſt awak't me, and I muſt confeſs
Thy couſell though through danger points at ſafety,
And I will tak't in time: the King ſhall die.
To ſave my life is ſoundeſt Policy. *Exit.*

Ent. *Anne, Lobſter, Joane.*

Jo. You lay all on me, Lobſter.

Lob. And I ſhould lay all my wayt on thee, Ioane, thou muſt
Not refuſe it, for thou knowſt, women are born to beare.

Jo. I, but not ſuch burthens.

Lob. Nay, and you beare not me, youl ne're beare child
I warrand you Ioane.

An. So Sir, what diſcant can you make.

Lob. I, young Mis, but it is upon the plain old Song
That every one deſires to ſing a part in.

Jo. You have it without book, Mr Lobſter

Lob. Oh, by the book in any caſe, it muſt be prickt to them.

An. Very well Sir, whatſoever maids beare,
they muſt be ſure
To bear your knavery, for thou art ever loaden
with that.
Lob. Or elſe I were worſe then clean linnen, Mris,
For maydes uſe to beare that.

Ent. Old *Thorny* and *Woodford.*

Th. Come Coſin Woodford,
Are you not weary with my long diſcourſe.
Wo. By my good hopes I ſwear, unleſs your
change
Will interrupte me with ſome other matter,
I ſhall find naught to talke on, but my daughter.
Th. I tell you Sir, her duty, modeſty and huſ-
wifry
Are ſuch large theams and ſo delightfull to me
As I can ſpeak no other.
Wo. Sir you doe that which all tongues elſe
proclaim,
Your daughter is the mirror of this City:
And nothing that is good can glut my eares: be-
ſide
Your talke hath made the way ſeem ſhort,
For ſee we are upon them: ſee your man Sir.
Th. Hee's kiſſing of my maid, bythe maſſe, how
now *Lobſter?*
What are you doing Sirra?
Lob. The clothes are drie Sir, and Ioane and I
am a foulding.
Th. Thou art foulding her in thy armes, me
thinks; away knave.
'Tis well done girle: and harke you, Mr *Woodford,*
I have already vow'd a ſingle life,
Chiefly to give her all unto her portion.

Oh,

Oh, it would joy my heart to see her well-bestow'd,
That she might keep my name alive unto posterity:
She shall have rich possessions to indow her
To a good husband.

Ent. *Edmund* and *Gatfoord*.

Wo. Her face without possessions will deserve.
Th. St. Cozen, what honourable Persons have we here?
Fore heaven, it is my Soveraign's brother, Noble Edmund,
The Earle of London, our gratious Lord,
He must not pass without my duty: health to your Grace.
Edm. Our thanks good *Thorney* Justice is now impeacht,
And is araigned by fell oppressors,
And craves you as a prop for to uphold here.
Th. A weak decaing prop, my noble Lord.
Edm. In this small scedule is a mass of wrongs
Which crie for a redress; be it your care to summon
All that are oppresst, for to repaire to the Earle of Coventry;
There to give up their grievances.
Th. It shall be speedily performed my Lord.
Edm. A heavenly prospect! what fair Creature's that?
Wo. His daughter.
Th. My only Child, my Lord; even all the fruit
That heaven, that time, and death hath left unpluct
From this old sapple-tree.

Edm. It is a fair one Sir: what ſudden fire is this,
That ſhoots through all my vaines? 'tis ſcorching heat,
'Tis of aſpiring flame, and through my eyes
Shootes a hot luſtfull fire, that muſt be quencht
In yonder Sea of pleaſure; no trick yet -- I hav't.
Sir you have a fair ring here, truſt me,
I never ſaw a richer in my eye, troth
'Tis a fair one, or elſe my fancy wrongs me;

Th. You praiſe it to the beſt, my Lord, and yet I love it;
This guift did part my loving wife and me.
Peace with her Spirit, and yet my honored Lord,
I am no ſcrupulous Idolater, to keep ſuch notes
To my perpetual vows: it ſhall be yours.

Edm. This cutteſie for ever bindes me to you:
I will in ſome meaſure gratify your kindneſs,
Pray in exchange accept this ring of mine.

Th. Be your own Chapman Sr: pleaſe you beſtow it,
I'l weare it for your ſake.

Edm. With all my heart:
Knews't thou the ſequell of this rings intreaty,
Thou wouldſt have bin more nice in parting with't.
But I forget me, I muſt to the King.

Th. We ſhall attend your grace.

Edm. Lead on, i'le follow you. *Exit.*
Gaufreid, 'tis thou muſt make me fortunate:
Thou ſeeſt yon Ceature: go to her by this ring;
I bluſh to ſpeak the reſt: harke in thy ear.
You know the purpoſe Sir.

Gauf. Perfectly my Lord, and I'le practize it.

Edm. Oh! that we ſhould not feare to doe thoſe things

We

We ſhame to ſpeak of, but the fire is kindled,
Which once ſuppreſt, flames with the greater force.
Silence containes more paſſion then can be
Expreſt in any rapſody of words.
Deep floods run ſtill: when thoſe that murmur
Are of a ſhallow ſlight profoundity.
I know that my deſire is ill; yet cannot I
Deſiſt from my foul purpoſe; for my bounded courſe
Of humane reaſon overflowes their banks,
And runs diſorderedly through all my vaines:
Frail fleſh is weak, and reaſon ſtept aſide,
Our ſpring of goodneſs needs muſt puddled glide. *Exit.*

Gauf. Faire greetings beauteous Virgin;
By his commandes your father thus ſalutes you.

An. It was my mothers ring, I know it Sir;
And his commends is a command to me:
What his pleaſure pray you.

Gauf. That you accompany me unto him ſelf,
To whom I am charg'd to conduct you preſently.

An. My duty is oblig'd to his command;
Nay I'le not queſtion, but attend his pleaſure.
Go Sirs, get home your clothes, & let your cares
Be diligent in houſe till my return.

Jo. Will you diſpatch?

Lob. Yes Joane, and you'le take up your clothes once, the baskets are ready.

Jo. You ſhall carry it then.

Lob. I warrant the wench, I have a carriage
That will carry home, ifaith, if it be diſcharg'd once.

Jo. I have heard ſo.

Lob. Never fear that faith wench:
You had not beſt make too much haſte Mris,

Doe you here, you Courtier, shee's the flower of the City,
And therefore use her well, I pray: and 'twere not
For this Porters office, I would trust none of you all *Exit.*
With her. Go forward Joane: here's a fine world,
When the cart must go afore the horse:
A man to come poking thus behind a woman.
My Mris is gone before Ioane, you shall go behinde;
I'le put you in before another time. *Exit.*

Ent. *Emma* and *Sibert.*

Em. The night grows old; we must dispatch and kill him.
Sib. True Emma, for ere to morrow's breath
Our lives doe hang in fearfull hazard.
Em. Think then what follows.
Sib. Nothing but this, that thou observe my vow,
Which this night here I make in sight of heaven,
And call the powers both good & bad to heare it;
By Sibert's soul I'le never see the Sun,
Till the King die, and this black deed be done;
Let hell record my vow, the King shall die;
This night concludes his horrid tragedy.
Em. Enough, I'le shew thee then these instrumental hands
That shall perform it: see *Sibert*, here they are,

Ent. *Two Murderers.*

With resolution more strongly armed then with their hands.
1 *Murd.* That's worth a thousand weapons.
Sib. I like their looks, they have no signe of pity.

2. *Murd.*

2 *Murd.* Pity? a pox of pity; pitty's for babies.
Say but the word, and I'le wipe out pity, sheath this weapon in your side.
Sib. The deed once done I'le load you both with gold.
But where will you hide the body when hee's dead?
Em. Know this my Lord; here by the uncouth cavern of a wall,
A solitary brook doth glide along,
Which we have turn'd from forth his proper course,
And in the mid'st o'th channel digg'd a pit,
Where when the murdred King is once intomb'd,
The nimble current shall be brought again,
And overrun the royall Sepulchre:
This being done, what bloud-hound, or what art
Can finde the body some fifty fathom layd
Beneath the river?
1 *Murd.* This is brave my Lord.
Sib. Beyond comparison I admire thee Emma.
Goe, conduct them to the chamber secretly,
And when the King's asleep.
2 *Murd.* He never wakes.
Sib. Follow my Lady then.
Both Murd. We'l bear her company. *Exunt.*
Sib. So, so; ha, ha, he! sleep Lord secure,
Untill the horrid shreekes of a Kings murder wake thee.
Night yet thou art smooth, and lookst upon us with a
Smiling eye: keep still thy golden cheek;
Be not thou sick, for under casualities;
The Eclips is past, that was the Herald to this fatall hour, Some-

Some twelf months since: or if thou wilt frown on us
We can not be out dared; who's there;

Ent. *Emma.*

My Emma, speak is all prepared.

Em. All to the life, my love.
The murderers plac't; the King's a bed.
His first sleep is his last.

Sib. Excellent sentence.
Hast thou the Postern key to convey them forth?
To bear the body to the place appointed?

Em. Think you that any thing I could forget
That houlds dependance on so deep an action?

Sib. Good: obscure your self untill the watch be past,
Whose company I'le keep to night; & hear you,
See you remember still to urge the murderers
When all's dispatcht to flie the Land with speed,
Till wonder be worne out.

Em. Till fear be under foot; I'le forget nothing. *Exit.*
The Gard's upon the round, I hear them coming.

Ent. *Wiltshire* and *Garde.*

Gard. Stand; who's there?

Sib. A friend, and your kind fellow, Gentlemen;
The Lord of this poor mansion, whose watchfull duty cannot sleep to night.

Gard. My Lord of Coventry.

Sib. Nay, lay by all Titles; I'le pertake your travels;
I'le tell you Sirs, it is my honor's test
That nothing doe disturbe the quiet sleep
Of my most Royall Leige: you shall accept me a companion.

Wilt.

Wilt. Your Honor doe expreſs your ſelf moſt noble,
To give attendance in a perſonall duty,
Sib. 'Tis fit it ſhould be ſo; 'tis my Caſtle,
And I can guide you through all the turnes
And angles of the Court, and as you finde my care,
So make report.
VVilt. I ſhall attend your Lordſhip: another with the lights. *Exeunt.*

Ent. *Murderers* with the body, *Emma* meeting them.

1 *Murd.* Tread ſoftly, you ſlave.
Em. O happy ſight! is't done?
2 *Murd.* This does confirm it.
Em. Did he not ſhrick?
1 *Murd.* Sfoot, doe you think we gave him warning?
2 *Murd.* No, we took him unawares; he prayd devoutly
When he went to bed, as if he ment never to
Wake again; no ſooner was he laid, but ere his eyes
Had cloſed their fleſhy windows of their light,
But we ſtept in, and with the pillow ſtopt his mouth,
Leſt with his clamorous cries he ſhould have rayſed the houſe;
Or by his prayers wan us to pitty;
Him then with theſe poniards
Yet reeking with his blood we pierc't his heart,
Cut off his tedious prayer.
Em. Here, take this key, and by the Poſtern bear it to the pit
Digg'd in the river bottom, which being cover'd,

Wee'l

Wee'l turn the water to his former course;
Then make for safety, till the storm be past,
And we are all secure. Here's more gold for you.

2 *Murd.* Look you be silent, and ne're fear our safety.

1 *Murd.* It shall never be reveald for us.

Em. Was ever murder done and hid so rarely?
The body buried in the rivers bottom.
What policy of men can ever finde it?
Ha! who is't that speaks so loud? crack the clouds?
This crying scene is not yet heard in heaven, I hope:
Is it for that this dreadfull voyce of thunder
Roules through the black inraged Elements,
And wraps this bright diapome in fire:
Or are these sounds the knelling obsequies
You use to keep at a King's Funerall? if so,
Ring treason out, but onely this I barr,
Wake not the dead, nor name the Murderer.

Exit.

Ent. *Bishop* and *Wiltshire*, *Sibert* meeting them.

B. Lu. Angels defend us! what a night is here?

Sib. How now my Lords, you have had ill rest to night.

Wilt. Who but the dead can sleep in such loud summons?
The blessed powers defend us: 'tis most fearfull.

B. Lu. We come to see the King in this sick hour.

Sib. And for that only cause, my Reverend Lords,
We draw our care so nigh his Highness chamber,
That had he call'd, we had attendant bin
To furnish his desire: but sure he wakes not.

Wilt. And sure he sleepes not; let's to his chamber.

Ent.

Sib. With all my heart. See here comes my Lady.

Ent. *Emma.*

B. Lut. Alas! good Lady, wak'd from your bed with thunder?

Em. Oh! who can reſt in ſuch a dreadfull hearing?
When every crack of thunder that breaks forth
Seems as if heaven would fall upon our heads.

VVilt. Noble Lady, accompany us to the King's bed-chamber.

Em. With all my heart. I'me ſorry he's thus diſturbed.

VVilt. Softly, leaſt being not yet awak'd,
We fright his Highneſs with our ſuddain coming.
Ha! the bed empty: his Highneſs ſure is up.
My Lord, my Leige, ha! no anſwer?

B. Lut. Strengthen me heaven! lights here a little:
Is not this blood?

Sib. Ha, blood! more lights.

VVilt. I fear my royal blood, my Lord, my Leige, my King.

Sib. Cry treaſon louder then this voice o'th thunder.
'Tis that that he hath all this while proclaimed,
And we dull animals could not perceive it.
Treaſon, murder, treaſon.

All. Treaſon, murder, treaſon.

Sib. Call for the Pages; raiſe up all the Court.
And hollow treaſon through out every room.
Oh! who is he hath ſtaind my Loyalty,
And made my houſe the author of this treaſon?

Ent. *Pages.*

VVilt. Be patient Sibert; here come the Pages,
Let's

Let's examine them.

Page. Where's the King?

Sib. Who's that that speaks so drowsily? base villains!
When blood of Kings besmears the Royall bed.

Page. Ha, the King's murdred! my Royal Master!
Thy loss is our decay.

Sib. Die Loyall traitors, you have murdred him. *Kills them.*
O're take him Slaves, or hide your guilt in hell.

VVilt. Alas my Lord! you doe you know not what.

Sib. Doe you uphold them; take heed, tempt not your spotles
Loyalties with any scrupulous thought; I would fain beleeve
That you were as my self, right loyall.

Amb. 1. That shall be seen Sir, in our diligence.

Sib. You talke but nothing doe, search for the body,
If we find that, we soon shall find the traitors.
Search every room; the body is not far;
The murderer will be found: black deeds of hell!
Who was the author.

Exit *Sibert* and *Emma.*

Em. Those that will not tell.

VVilt. This is a horrid night.

Bish. To kill the Pages unexamined, these are not just proceedings.

VVilt. I doe not blame his loyalty, but his rage,
That in their deaths, we should have questioned
Prevents the means of our discovery.

Bish. This night is fatall, for 'tis hatch't in blood.

VVilt. Heaven cease this thunder, 'tis a time of sorrow; But

But come my Lord, think of the Kingdoms safety.
First let us resolve with swiftest speed
To greet the Earl of London,
Royal Prince Edmund, with this heavy news.
Bish. As 'tis most fit. See here's Sibert.

Ent. *Sibert.*

Sib. No marvail tho the heavens speak in thunder
To see anointed blood spilt on the earth!
And in my house! oh heavens!
Wilt. Nay good my Lord forbear.
Sib. Did not I tell you that those drousie Pages
Whom this hand slew (& I thank heaven for it)
Were the foul traitors, perhaps hired to doe it.
Lut. That we would have found my Lord.
Sib. I would my heat of rage had given you leave;
I doe repent it now, but 'tis most certain;
For that the Postern gate, whose keys they had in keeping,
Was now found open; tax me to any pains
To find this treason; set me down half the world
For my own travail, I'le bring the Traitor forth
Or ne're return.
Lut. Use your care, whilest we send post away.
This night's the worst that ever covered day.
Exit Wilt. and Bishop Lut.
Sib. Ha, ha, ha, ha; the best to me: So, so.
Speak louder thunder, make a more horrid night:
Conscience is not at home thou canst not fright:
Crie Traitor still, though I thy meaning know.
Here's none that understands thou call'st me so.
Exit.

Ent. *Edmund* and *Anne.*

Edm. Nay, doe not grieve.

An. Can

An. Can you allow me leſs then teares, my Lord?
Oh, what a noble Traitor have you prov'd
In that deceiving ring, that brought me to you?
Edm. When I beheld this glorious frame of Nature;
This ever prais'd, yet never prais'd enough,
Proportion, O what a ſuddain paſſion I was in?
The Queen of love drew forth a fiery ſhaft
And ſhot my breſt, which rancle did ſo ſore
The more I let it reſt it rag'd the more,
Till from the ſtore-houſe of my hatching brain
This balſome of remedie I diſtill'd,
And cured the wound: this rich Embaſſador
Diſcover'd to me more then the Indies wealth.
An. Oh! what a jewell then beyond eſteem
Have I then loſt, which gold can ne're redeem?
Edm. That is not loſt, that is repayd with love,
Such is our fair exchange: had ſome rude ſlave
Polluted thy white ſoul with ugly luſt,
Thou then hadſt cauſe to grieve; but my deſire
Was free from the leaſt baſeneſs: what I have borrowed
Of thy maidenſtore, I will repay, and with a huſbands love
Give ſatisfaction: nay weep not, good ſweetheart.
An. A pretty Epitaph for wantons to congratulate withall.
You did ſalute me with a ſweeter name
Then I imagine this ſweet-heart to be:
But you have robd me of it.
Edm. Nay lovely maid.
An. Were it heavens will, would I had kept that name.
Edm. Would you have then ingroſt perfection,

And

And like a usurer have hoarded up
The Princely jewell of your maidenhead?
And let pale death have bin your husband?
You were created that from you should spring
The worlds increase; then would you most unkind
Alter what you were made for? 'tis
A husband you must have: and if't be so,
Why not as good me, as another man?
An. If you want no vail to shadow, Sir,
How many have you caught within this snare?
Am I the first?
Edm. Yes, by this blessed aire;
Nor art thou caught in any lustfull net,
But in a sacred matrimoniall band,
Which we have registred in heavens white book,
Where all the sacred Hymeneall oaths
Are writ in golden Characters,
And there are mine recorded; then 'tis no snare,
Nor incest can it be, thou art my wife.
An. Before I yielded up my virgins name
You sware no less. Oh heavens! doe not you think
The aire is troubled for our privat sin.
This thunder tells me, we have angred heaven.
Edm. Sweet-heart,
It is the years due order, and the aire
Through heat and sulphur sends the thunder cracks:
Thou wilt be mist at home; I prithee haste unto thy father's house.
An. Oppress with shame.
Edm. In troth I shall be angry with thee sweet,
If thou continue in these fond delirements;
Can there be shame in matrimoniall rites?

Thou

Thou art my wife, and here I ſealt with theſe
Kiſſes her.

An. Had you ſealed no otherwiſe with me,
I could have born the impreſſion willingly,
And call'd again for more ſecurity.

Edm Thou ſhalt ere long imbrace me lawfully;
The Prieſt ſhall joyn our hands with our true hearts:
My buſineſs calls me; hence I muſt be gone,
But leave my heart for ever, ſweet, with thee.

An. As good as nought; how ere both ſin and ſhame
I bear for thy ſweet ſake, my loſt good name,
My fathers anger, all is for thy ſake.
If thou proof falſe, and that for grief I die,
'Tis for thy ſake, and ſhall doe't willingly. *Exit.*

Edm. Farwell thou ſoul of vertue.

Ent. *Thorney* and *VVoodford.*

Now Maſter Thorney.

Thor. Health to you Sir: I have according to your good appointment
Cauſed all the Commons that are oppreſt with wrong,
For to repair to the Earle of Coventry's Caſtle,
Whereat your Princely Brother keeps his Court
To ſhew their grievances, and gainſt whom they complain

Edm. You have bin carefull, Maſter Thorney,
And in it ſhews the duty of a Subject,
For 'tis a perilous time.

Thor. I, I, my Lord, a moſtrous ſtormy time,
For ſince my birth I never heard the like:
This many a day we have not ſeen the Sun,
But ſtill continuall thunder frights the earth;
What this portends, he that's the cauſe,

Beſt:

Best knows.

Ent. *A Post.*

Edm. True Mr Thorney, and 'tis not fit for us to question his intents.
Thy news! why doest thou look so pale.

Post. Oh my Liege, I come to sing to you a schritch ou'ls note,
That will affright your hearing: your Brother Sir.

Edm. What of him?

Post. He is

Edm. Dead?

Post. How apt you are
To pluck the mishap't embrion of mischance,
Ere it be fully moulded from the womb:
He's dead my Leige, and murdered.

Edm. Murthered, how?

Post. In his bed, my Liege: by whom is yet unknown.

Edm. Then this the cause is that the heavens so scould
And rend the clouds with fearfull thunder cracks
I'le find the murtherer, though I search the center,
And from the earth pluck the abhorrid caitiffes.
Let all the passages be strongly garded:
For till the mutherous villains be brought to light,
We still shall live in this perpetuall night. *Exit.*

Ent *Sibert* and *Emma.*

Sib Oh conscience! thou art a mortall wound to murtherers
No balme can give thee ease: oh! this dred thunder

Will

Will never ceaſe his loud amaſing terrour
Till this moſt fearfull murther be reveald.
Em. Art thou a man, and keepſt ſuch cowardly apprehenſion
A ſound of thunder? why? me thinks this houre
I ſee ten thouſand like thy ſelf that ſtand
Applying all unto their proper ſins;
The bribed Lawyer having ta'ne his fee
With *ambodexter*, feeling cunningly,
Hearing this voice, ſayes, from his conſcience ſting,
The heavens are angry at his dubble dealing;
The griping Uſurer that hath ta'ne the forfeit
Of ſome great Eſtate, this voice of conſcience
Now a little wakens him; the Theef,
The Tyrant, and the Adulterer, all tremble
Now: and what is it but Palſy-conſcience
That appropriates unto it ſelf
Things that we never knew.
Sib. But this is all my own.
Did not the inſtant deed call up the thunder?
Did not I vow to heaven, I ne're would ſee
Nor Sun, nor Moon, untill the King were dead?
To which I fear the heavens have added further,
That thoſe clear lights the world ſhall never ſee
Till this black deed of hell revealed be.
Em. This is your conſcience ſtill: awake for ſhame
From this ſame drouſie Lethargie of minde.
Seek for thy ſafety Sibert, and aſſure it.
The Lords are gone to London, follow them,
And dive into the owſe of all their actions;
The generall voice cries, Edmund King of England.
And being inthron'd, the Royall Policy
Will mount him with a ſtrict and nearer queſt

To

To finde the author of his Brothers murder.

Sib. That ſtarts my heart: hence coward conſcience,
If any conſcience ſhall but wrinkled ſit,
And bend a doubtfull cenſure upon Sibert,
I will again dip theſe my hands in blood
Of the moſt daring oppoſite; I ſee 'tis fear
That man accuſes. reſolves acquite all guilt,
All muſt to earth, where then can blood be ſpilt?

Em. Why now thou ſpeakeſt.

Sib. I'le put it all in action; ſtay thou here:
Gather our friends and Tenents to a head:
Then with them fortifie our ſtrongeſt Caſtles, 'tis fit
For him that injures others, to ſecure him ſelf.

Exit.

Ent. *Thorny*, *VVoodford* and *Anne*.

VVood. Good Sir, have patience.

Thorn. Away, ſhe's big, big with child;
Out of my doors, thou ſtrumpet.

VVood. Dear uncle.

Thor. Cover my ſhame with ſome deformity, turn me to a beaſt,
That is not capable of what joys are paſt,
Or griefs to come: blaſt all my faculties;
Hide my white head in everlaſting darkneſs;
Let me forget that ere I had a child,
And ne're remember that ſhe turn'd a ſtrumpet.
O heaven defend me! Let me curſe the whore.

VVood. Good Sir forbear, my charity is ſuch
That I muſt hinder you.

Thor. You doe me wrong to hinder my devotion.

An. Oh! dear Sir, forbear to invocate; you will offend,
And make your vertue ſin, to call for curſes.

Have

Have charity with your ſelf, if not, with me:
Impoſe me to the Laws ſeverity.
Hurt not your ſelf with this impatience;
I'le ſtoop to all with mildeſt ſufferance.

Tho. So, ſo, 'tis done, and 'tis recorded now,
And I have done ill with a mentall vow:
Better then windy words; my ſoul's a witneſs
Never to let a benediction fall
Upon the ſtrumpets head; never to know
Or own thee for my child; never to give
A penny of my ſubſtance to thy ſuccour;
Never to look on thee: this I affirme,
Ever to follow thee with extremeſt hate;
Still to perſue thee with extremeſt rigour;
The Law provided has for ſuch offenders
Nay thou ſhalt ſtand example to all children,
How they invoke a Fathers aged wrath.

VVood. Good Sir, qualifie this rage: tell us who the offender was.

Thor. Who ſhould offend with an adulterous whore,
But ſome looſe varlet, or luxurious knave,
That would have company along to hell:
And ſhe muſt needs goe with him: but I'le begin
Your everlaſting torments, and fetch ſuch whips
Shall make your ſweet ſin ſmart; no waight of fate
Can be ſo ponderous, as love turn'd to hate. *Exit.*

VVood. Coſen you ſee how your Father is inrag'd,
Therefore his anger for to qualifie
Is in my judgment, to him, to reveal
The man that made him looſe your Virgins name.

An. O my dear Cuz, it is a waighty ſecret that's incloſed
Within my anſwer; nor can it be reveald

But

But to a boſom ſworn to ſecrecy.
And yet youe love ſhould not be queſtion'd.
VVood. Were all the engines of tormenting terrour
Put to my fleſh, if I doe vow a ſecret,
None near ſhall force it from me.
An. I beleeve it.
Know then, kind Sir, the authour of this folly,
Sin, or ſhame, or how you pleaſe to call it,
Was youthfull Edmund, now th'elected King.
VVood. Prince Edmund!
An. He may deny it now; but here's a witneſs:
Oh! doe but think with what unequall ſtrength
This Citadell of honour was beſieg'd,
And you will hardly blame my yielding weakneſs,
When oportunity, the bawd of time,
Had call'd me forth and brought me to his preſence,
Think what amazing terrour Royalty could doe,
With a commanding love: what ſugred breath,
Words able to infuſe an appetite
In a coole votariſt; yet mauger all
My vanquiſhment was but conditionall.
You doe not hear me Cuz.
VVood. Yes, and ſo you yielded on conditions.
An. True Sir, when flattring oaths, ſweet vows,
Coind love, were out of breath, ſtill I remaind
A maiden votaris: but then came forth this
Murthering piece of grief; we chang'd the
Jugall words of matrimony between our
Souls; and the large ceremony was but
Defer'd unto the King's conſent, which by his
Brothers death is now his own.
VVood. But luſt once ſated, they forget all oaths,

That helpt them to't; and though a Prince, he's
Subject to affections; I but think you
Hee'l not forget.
An. I cannot tell.
VVood. And violate his vow.
An. Alas! I dare not claim it: but how ere
This token of his love I'me sure to bear.
And for his sake, thus have my vows decreed,
No man shall ever second this his deed.

Ent. *Lobster* and *Ioane.*

Lobst. O Mris, Mris, I have run so fast and taken such Pains,
That my wind's gone backward and foreward;
And have stirred so much that I doe
(Saving of your presence) you may smell the rest.
Ioane has bin down; but, but
I took her up again: yonder comes your Father
With such a company of Beagles:
Ioa. And such a company of whips:
Lobst. And such a company of sumners:
Joa. And such a company of knaves:
Lobst. Slaves, that look as if they had eat
No meat this seven years, and they
Bring the ingines that must give your
Shoulders the bloody lash.
An. Oh heavens forgive me! am I the first offender?
Thor. Let all the Officers beset the door,
And look Mr Constable, here's your pray;
Go strike your tallent in.

Ent. *Thorney*, *Constable* and others.

Thor. Here's banquets for you; I'le make her passe
Through all the purgato yes of pennance.

You

You are the Phisician that let wantons blood,
To cure the itch of lust; you may doe good, but
yet beyond your help,
There will remain an everlasting scar, a spot,
a stain,
That never will be out: oh! look on me,
You that distribute justice partially: (bells.
Scourge your own flesh and blood when it re-
VVood. Good Sir be patient; I pray depart,
And consider what he hath done, is not in hate,
rashnes.
An. Upon my knees, dear Sir,
Thor. I will not hear thee strumpet.
Heaven, earth, and men give ear and hear my
words.
Here take my vow his force: beyond this hour.
We never more will meet. I'le hate the place
that keeps thee.
And as a lasting trophie of thy guilt:
I will dispose my self, that did beget thee:
Never shall razor prune thy careless looks,
I'le never hence forth feed but on the ground;
I'le never pare my nails, but let them grow
Into unseemly clawes, with which I'le dig
My Monumentall bed.
An. Oh kill me Sir! and end my miseries.
VVood. Good Sir, calme this passion.
All this distemperature for a grief so slight.
Thor. Oh! shut me up in everlasting night:
Let me but see her under Justice grip't,
And then I'le turn away my eyes for ever,
For now I go to contemplation:
Thy soul I pitty yet, though not thy flesh.
That wealth should have indow'd thy nuptialls
shall build a sanctuary for holy men,
To make thy peace in heaven; lewd world fare-
well.

I never will discover more of thee
Then from the humble prospect of my grave.
My charge can be but small, my care much less,
I have not left me now a child to bless. *Exit.*

Lob. If every wench should be so used that had eaten white puddings,
We should not have so many Children left upon stalls as we have:
Unnaturall Father, that would whip his own child for drinking a little white bastard:
Ye ill looking rascall,
Canst find in thy heart to whip a great
Bellyed woman? Mris, now I am in a good mind
Here's good hanging me; I beseech you Mris,
Let me be flead from the chin to the navell,
Rather then you shall be whipt.

Jo. Or I beseech you, let me indure the pennance.

Lob. I, good Mris, if you will not let me be whipt,
In any case, let Ioane be whipt.

VVood Pray will you be gone?

Lob. Yes. I goe, but I cannot chuse but cry
To think that a woman for once doing,
Should be undone for ever Come Ioane here's
A faire example for you: let's then to the buttery
And candole; for sorrow's drie, you know,
Wee'l weep whole pail fulls, and in briny teares
My self and Ioane will ducke ore head and eares.

VVood. Mr Constable, I beseech you Sir, to shew to us what
Favour you can, you see her case, therefore I pray,
Leave unto me your Prisoner; i'le pass my word
For her appearance at her delivery.

Const. Sir, I am but the Laws dependancy;

And

And for her Fathers ſake, though againſt his will;
I'le leave her to your care, and take your bayl,
Till courſe of Law ſhall further ſummon her.

VVood. I pray Sir, depart as privatly as you can,
To avoyd further puniſhment.

Conſt. Well Sir, I'le follow your directions.
My charge is yours. *Exit.*

VVood. There now remains onely this,
That I intreat you to accept my houſe
For entertainement, till you be delivered:
There you ſhall want for nothing, but have
Kinde reſpect.

An. Heaven make me able to requite your love.

VVood. Come home with me, and bid all grief Adieu.

An. The health of my ſick ſoul relies on you:
There is another home, I dare not name.
I'le be diſgrac't ere, I his worth defame. *Exeunt.*

Ent. *Edmund*, Earle of *VViltſhire*, *Sibert*, *Biſhop*.

Edm. How like a tedious day is Majeſty,
Which gives his light unto ſucceſſion?
The day expir'd, night with his pale dark cheek
Wraps up his brightneſs, and gives day repoſe,
To give another a reflection.
So by death's hand my brothers dayes deſtroy'd,
My Sunſhine day refulgently appeares:
Which, how he died, the heavenly eye of love,
Whoſe ſearching Majeſty lightens all thoughts,
And opens all her dark obſcurity,
Beſt knows whoſe hands were bathed in the blood.

Wilt. You see the cruell terrors of these times,
Oh! gratious Prince, and that which doth exceed
The strength of all amazement, since the death
Of our late murdered Lord and Soveraign:
The Sun and Moon was never seen to shine.

Edm. The eye of heaven is banish't from the earth,
And gone to wander in eternall night;
And ransake some Cemerian seated cave,
To finde the Murderers, that with horror sitts
Starting at every apparition;
And never will illuminate the world,
Till it hath brought him to transparent view;
And to him speaks this thunder.

Sib. No, 'tis to me: but I'le not answer,
Though the boults should flie and strike me to the center.

Edm. How horridly it cracks!
A generall desolation sure is come,
And heavens glorious eye
I think is banish't hence eternally.

Sib. Take courage Sir a Royall thought
Stoops not to Fortunes blindness: great thoughts are ever
Fixt to the publik good, and not kept down by passions.
Oh! the blood.

Wilt. Let's invocate the powers above
For to reveal the horrid Murderers.

Sib. Hot vengeance light on him that so perswades him.

Edm. Swear as you hope for heaven, your carefull studies
Shall be to sift this execrable deed,
And bring to light this damned Murtherer.

Sib.

Sib. Zoundes I muſt kill him too, and prevent his purpoſe.

Wilt. We vow the ſame with force and diligence.

Edm. As for my ſelf I will outwatch the night,
Waſt theſe life-ſeeing tapers of mine eyes
Till they drop forth the ſockets of my skull:
But I will finde the execrable Slave.
Why ſtandſt thou ſilent, Sibert?

Sib. Alas! my Lord, I am hid in ſorrow,
That in my houſe this miſchief happened:
And yet dear Prince, I have already ſpent
The utmoſt minutes in this fatall buſineſs:
No place, no perſon, no ſuſpected breaſt
That might unto the act be aidable,
But I have torne it open, and examin'd,
So that deceit it ſelf could not deceive me,
But all in vain, the damn'd Murderer lies unrevealed,
And heaven or none muſt find him, hee's ſo ſubtill.

Edm. I feare thy Loyalty; come let's to Coventry,
And there we will fift out murthers darkeſt ways
Sibert, let's have your Company along.
Were millions given this purpoſe to prevent,
All Europe ſhall not hinder our intent.
Be ready, Sibert.

Sib. With all my heart, my Lord. Miſchief confound it.

Edm. Set forward Lords,
Thou that ſtill guards the right,
Bring this dark obſcure murther to the light.

Exeunt.

Manet *Sibert.*

So the King's for Coventry, and I as mark't

With some brand of suspicion, must be the man
To attend above the rest: Sfoot, what note
Or character of guilt lies on my brow
More then the rest: my speech was firm,
I was less frighted with this loud tongu'd thunder
Then was the King, or any of his Peeres.
And but my conscience nothing troubles me;
And that is no mans burthen but my own,
Which I'le conceal, though with the Kingdoms ruine:
Let Hell spit fire, I'le not accuse my self,
Although the Sun and Heaven be hid in clouds,
And with an everlasting darkness cover us.

Thunder loud.

Oh! I presume too much, that crack has mazed me.
Horrour of Hell! what shall I doe? think, Sibert and conceive;
What if the King should call my wife in question,
Or that the Murderers, we hir'd to doe't,
Should be surpris'd, and brought unto the King,
Examined, put to death: where's Sibert then?
Thrown in Hell fire, never to rise again.
Which to prevent, I'le presently make flight,
And leave with them my feare and jealousie.
I'le ship my self for Ireland, and there
Shrowd my self safe, and there close up my eares
From this loud peals of thunder, which are sent
And on my head with winged vengeance bent.

Exit.

Ent. Mr *Woodford* and *Anne Thorny*.

Wood. Now you are a happy mother, the good Heavens
Has brought your burthen to a happy issue, you may
Now curse the cause; you shall have my instructions To

To direct you.

An. Now, Heaven forbid.

VVood. By his delay you may see how he stands affected.

An. 'Tis a delay without proportion.

VVood. Your Father threatens and persues your lives best shipwrack,
Vowing, if you should starve, not to give
A penny for to comfort you.

An. Yet I will pray for him eternally:
And for my Sovereign which hath forsaken me;
But of his love I will expect no more,
Think wise, or dream then of that thing
Unknown, unsought, or never thought upon.

Wood. Oh! be not to your self so cruel.

An. Since in his loss, I have lost my self and honour;
I now resolve in this unblemisht habit to weare out
The remnant of my days in penetance
Amongst the holy Nunnes of Holy well,
Into whose Sister-hood I am admitted,
And there for ever will I plant my being.

VVood. Oh! gentle Cuz.

An. I am deaf to all persuasions,
My best of blood, I have no friend but you,
And in your virtue I impose my trust,
That with all secret care you chuse a time,
To give this ring to my dear Soveraign,
The once dear pledge of his forgotten love:
With it this letter, in whose sad contents
Is nothing but a vertuous milde intreaty,
That he would gratiously behold this child,
His hapless Son, and called by his name,
Edmund, that mongst the longer of my sighes
I may have comfort to keep down my griefs.

VVood. And as my own, I mean to tender it.
An. Your vertue makes my care lie easy on me:
Good Cosen speak what temper holds my Father?
VVood. Has given o're his house and all his wealth,
He means for to distribute to holy uses.
An. And yet I live and breath that am the sinfull author
Of these sorrows: but flows this deluge for his own
Offences, Or the remembrance of my hatefull shame.
VVood. From your disgrace.
An. Then to this World Adieu, why doe you urge
To hold me longer here a Prisoner?
I have out lived myne honour, buried alive
My old and vertuous Father, for which I am below
All reach of humane pitty that I know.
They wish to Serpents more prosperity.
My soul's as black as darkness, and can take no light
Of other beauty, till my teares have washt it:
I doe beseech you Cuz, commend my duty
To my Father, and intreat his vertue,
To lay no more affliction on his age for my offences past
And last to thee, my first of cares,
Whose innocence is spotted with my sin.
Oh! be thou made so blest, that in thy vertues
I and my faults may loose their memories.
Take my last kiss, and with it these my teares,
Which to thy Royall Father thou shalt beare.
Now take it her and with it all my comforts, all my prayers.

Love

Love it dear Cuz, & though from grief it ſpring,
Yet 'tis the onely Son unto a King: farwell.
I feare we never more ſhall meet on earth,
Here my joys end, you have my ſorrows birth.
Exit.

VVood. Succeſs attend you: would all that ſtept awry,
Would be but ſubject to thy penalty.
Come on thou brat of woe, and ſad defame,
Although a Kings he cannot hide the ſhame.
Exit.

Ent. *King*, Earle of *Wiltſhire*, Biſhop *Lutius*, and *Emma*.

King. Thus Royall Lords, we are in Juſtice plac't,
And by the aſſiſtance of the all-ſeeing heaven
To ſearch forth murther. Are the ſuſpected perſons
Yet brought?

Wilt. They are my Leige.

King. Speak woman, and remember as thou ſpeakeſt,
That thou art before heaven as well as we,
Who them with all thy cunning canſt not blind;
What knowſt thou of the murther?

Em. I doe beſeech, bring forth my accuſers.

VVilt. I am the firſt, yet free from ſpot of envy,
And thus I ground my feare, if your white hands
Have tane no tincture from the bloody wounds
Of our late murdred Prince, why is your Lord
Againſt his oath, alleageance, and command.
Fled thus prepoſterouſly in the ſelf-ſame hour,
In which he ſhould have done his Country-ſervice.

Em. The Law which did unite my Lord and me
In

In one firm body: never did impart
The freedome of his thoughts into my booſome
Neither doth that or any Engliſh cuſtome
Impoſe on wives their husbands blemiſhes.
I pray, my Lord, accuſe me for my ſelf.

King. 'Tis from your ſelf if you be foul in him.

Wilt. Beſides it is affirm'd by ſolemn oath
The ſelf ſame night the King forſook the World,
You and your Lord did never come in bed;
So that in common ſence, you either were
Or chief, or aiding to the murderer.

Em. Our buſy care to entertain the King,
Did make us leave our beds to vertuous ends.
Oh! my good Lord, you would diſgrace my goodneſs,
But my poor innocence is ſo cleare from blemiſh,
No filths of any tongue can ſully it.
And here before your Maſter, I wiſh,
If I be guilty, or in thought or action,
May I be made a warning to all women,
And branded with moſt black damnation, -oh! -- oh --

Wilt. Defend us heaven! Look to the Lady there.

Biſh. Are you hurt, Madam?

Em. No, but amazed at this dreadful thunder.

Biſh. Oh! be adviſed in time, and tempt not heaven.
Scarce had deniall iſſued from your lips,
But thunder cryes aloud that you reueal
What elſe heaven will ſpeak in miracles.

King. Doe woman, tell the truth.

Em. You mad me with your vaine ſuggeſtions:
Your actions are unjuſt and terrible.
I doe defie what ever can accuſe me;

Though

Though it be wrested in loud peales of thunder,
Yet with a breath more noble then your slander
I throw defiance at your envious boosoms.
What doe you think to work upon my weakneſs?
Tuſh, I am armed with better fortitude
My Lords, I aske a husband at your hands:
A Noble Prince, which you have murdered;
And now with theſe ſuggeſtions would overwhelme
My life and fortunes, making me confeſs
A crime, of which I am more innocent
Then you your ſelves, or babes new born this hour. *A blaſing ſtar appeares.*
Biſh. Se, ſe, my Lord, a blaſing ſtar appears,
And hangs directly o're this fatall houſe.
Edm. Angels protect us!
Em. Ha, what art thou?
Thou doſt amaze me with thy curled fires.
Why doth thy flaming train thus point at me,
-- oh! -- oh! -
Biſh. How fare you, Lady?
Em. Oh hide thy branded fire, whoſe flaming beams
Are ſhot into my brain; it flames and burnes,
And all the waters that o'rewhelme the King,
Can never quench it, till his body come. - oh! - oh!
King. Doth water then o'rewhelme his body?
VVils. Perhap 'tis caſt into ſome River, Sir.
Em. Spare me, oh! ſpare me, gentle heaven, be dumb.
Call not ſo loud, let me unload my booſom
Of this eternall waight of ſin and murder;
Then let thy winged lightning ſplit my breaſt,
That all the World may know, my Lord and I

Con-

Contriv'd the King's moſt bloody tragedy.
King. It is confeſt.
Em. Oh! Royall Sir, I am inforſt to ſpeak:
Frowning heavens, and that almighty fire
Hath thruſt it from my mouth, and I confeſs,
My Lord and I did hire two deſperate men,
And they by our command did kill the King.
King Where are thoſe men?
Em. The murder done they fled to find out ſafety,
But whither, by my ſoul's ſicke eſtate, I know not.
King. What did you with the body of the King?
Em. Hard by the Caſtle ſtands an old grown oake,
Cloſe by whoſe ſide a little River runnes,
Whoſe quiet ſtreams we ſtopt, and turn'd his courſe
Up to his head, till in his ſandy bottom
We dig'd a pit and therein laid the body;
Which done, we cover'd it with earth & ſtones
And turnd the water to his former paſſage,
That running over it, none might ſee
Or find the author of this tragedy.
King. Unheard of ſtratagem! take pitty on thy ſoul!
Thou barbarous woman; call to the powers above
For to be mercifull.
Em. Falſe World, farwell; let me example be,
A warning to our ſex from blood to flee. *Dies.*
King. Go home and ſee the body be brought before the Judge.
Walt. I ſhall my Lord performe it carefully

Enter

Enter ſome with *Sibert* and *Murderers*.

Wilt. Come bring him before the King.

Sib. Let me not ſee the King, nor be examin'd
That curſed, which did bewitch my ſence,
And made me hire the ſlaves to murder him.

King. Diſcourſe to us the manner of their taking,

Sib. I'le tell the tale my ſelf, hear me, O noble Iudge:
When in diſguiſe loaden with deſperate thoughts,
I meant to paſs to Ireland by the Seas,
The angry heavens call'd up the mounting waves
And bad them in their hollow murmurs ſay,
They would not beare a Kings baſe murtherer.
My paſſage thus denied by raging ſtormes,
Like a diſtracted out-caſt forth I went
Into ſtrange paths, careleſs and negligent,
And there I met theſe damned Murtherers,
Mad as my ſelf: and horrour with diſpair,
They hollowed ſtill for mudering the King.
We all are damn'd to eternall tortering:
Which when the people heard, they us ſurpriſed
And brought us thus a bloody ſacrifice.

King. The Gods are ever juſt: oh! Coventry,
Thou art the bloody Subject of our curſes;
Thy bloody hand hath bath'd the anoynted King
In his own blood, for which we will be ſwift
In vengeance: take theſe three, and by their heeles, hang
Them upon ſtakes; let ravens, maſtives, worry them to death:
That when they ſcrick, their hideous fearfull cryes

May

May draw the Land to see their miseries.

Sib. and *Murd.* The doom is Royall, just, and mercifull.

King. For this vile woman, see her senceless body

Be on a pile of faggots burnt to earth,
And scatter'd before the blustring wind
That on their winged convayes they may flye
To the Worlds furthest verge or memory.
See it perform'd; they thus to death are sent,
The Heaven I hope will pease her punishment.

Bish. Take comfort, Princely Sir, the worst is past,
The sacred powers are pleas'd with this your justice:
For with the Traitors deaths the stormes are ceast,
The air is clear, and all the thunders past,
And see, the Sun and Moon give blessed light,
And quite abolisht our diurnall night.

King. Now the news. *Ent. with the body.*

Wilt. The body's found my Lord.

King. Bring it in.

Wilt. 'Tis here my Leige.

King. Here on this humble ground lies he
That once was King of this vast Monarchy.
Alas! what are we Kings? what's Majesty?
But like a flattring glass that shews forth pride,
And with one stripe, of all destroying death,
Is past to nothing: lookes that face now
Like to a brow that did command a Kingdome.
Thus pale and bloodless; was this the head
That wore the golden wreath, thus groveld all with earth?
Take up the body, and let it have a second buriall,

And

And layd within the ſepulchers of Kings:
Our ſelf will take our way,
And make a progreſs to eſtabliſh Laws,
That this our Land Iuſtice may rule ſo even,
Our life may be acceptable to heaven. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Chorus.*

The body being intomb'd, King Edmund takes
A progreſs through the Realm to eſtabliſh Laws;
Himſelf in Iudgment. Sits to hear mens cauſe?
Five years he ſpent: mean time what cares befell
Unto his Love, the Nun of Holy-well,
And her affection'd Father: now behold
What's done in ſhew, I ſhall in words unfould.

A dumb ſhew.

Enter *Thorny* with Cittizens, giving them large ſummes of money: ſhewing them the money: deſires them to ſee his building goe forward: takes his leave with a deaths head in his hand: goes into the tombe.

Second dumbe ſhew.

Enter one way *Edmund*, *Wiltſhire*. Biſhop *Lutius*; at the other, *Woodford* and the Child: he kneeles, delivers to the King a Letter and a Ring: he reads the Letter and ſmiles; bleſſes the Child, and gives it to *Wiltſhire*; the King and Biſhop departes to ſee *Anne*.

Chorus.

Old Thorny thus o're grown with miſery:
Who never more would ſee his vertuous Child,
But in a plot of ground, a mile from London,
Builds

Builds up a tombe where night and day he lives;
His goods are sold, and to the poor he gives
Large sommes of money, and takes a solem oath,
Of those his friends and worthy Cittizens
Fast by his tombe to build a famous Abbey,
And with three hundred work men dayly plied
To have it finisht ere old Thorny died.
This done, the King returned back to London,
And faithfull Woodford watching a fit time,
Presents him with a Letter and a Ring,
His long forsaken love had sent to him,
Which read, the King with much astonishment
Remembers her, and doth with teares expresse
How much he blames his much forgetfulness,
Vowing to see her: presents to him his Son,
Being grown to years of some discretion:
Which the King gladly takes, and smiles on him.
What now shall follow with your gratious favour,
We humbly beg attention to the end,
And if we fail to please we'le strive to mend. *Exit.*

Ent. *Old Thorny in his tombe.*

Oh brightsome day! thus low poor Thorny bows,
To strive with briny teares thy gladsome light,
Whose hopes have shut him up in darksome night,
Here in this tombe sequestred from the world
Will Thorny spend his life; and with my nayls
To dig my grave, and in this glass to see,
And view the end of all mortality.
Court-pomp, and Citty pride, look, look on this,
And teach your souls the way to happiness:

Poor

Poor flesh and blood, is this the face of man,
After the worlds sad separation?
Must all return to this! oh London, London:
Thy flattery and guile
Has bin the cause that I my self exil'd,
By Servants sorrow and Daughters sin:
I will behold thy populous streets no more,
Nor breath in thee, nor surfet in thy store:
Here in my grave, I'le live and learn to dye,
That after death my Soul to Heav'n may fly.

Enter Lobster.

'Tis a fine world, when a man must call a man
Out of his grave to eat vittles.
They talke of watching of a dead corse; I am
Sure, I have watcht a quick one this
Month, and brought him meat so long
That I am almost starv'd my self.
I have brought him a clean shirt,
I would he would shift himself.
I found a lowse about him as big as
The top of my thumb, I thought as much:
He's talking with that same calfs head still;
Sure 'tis a Lawyers head, he
Findes so much talke with it, it is not abel to
Answer a wise word: I am so hungry,
My guts are allmost clung together.
Mr, pray will you leave your prating
To that *Memento mori*, and go to break-feast.

Thorn. No, set it down, I have no mind of meat,
Till we have thankfull bin we should not eat.

Lobst. Will you say grace? and if you'le wash your hands,
I'le fetch some water.

Thor. Oh vanity of fooles! hast thou thus long

Bin

Bin my carefull contemplation,
And learn'st thou nothing yet? look on this hea
This careless skull had flesh and blood,
And all like this must meet deformity.
What swearer sees this moth & does not tremble
Oh man! how vain art thou that speakest th
labours
For one bewitching minute of this world.
And after all thy joys to hell be hurld.

Lobst. I would I were at the heaven of m
vittals.
I'de talke of hell afterward.

Thorn. Hast thou no abstinence for pious work

Lobst. There's a piece of pye, I would faine be
at it,
Will you eat that, and leave talking to that *Testa de morse*?

Thorn. Go call my friends that over see my
work,
Bid them come speak with me, and then I'le eat.

Lobst. I will Sir, but I'le take away the provant,
Least they oversee that you see over.

Ent. 2 *Cittizens.*

My Master would speak with you.

1 *Citt.* All haile to you Sir.

Thor. All are alike to me, storm, hayl or snow;
I take them thankfully.
You two were sworn overseers and performers
of my will.
Tell me, how goes the Abbey forward?

2 *Citt.* 'Tis allmost finisht Sir,

Thorn. When it is finisht, I'le have it dedicated
Unto the Monks of St Benedict's Order;
And since I have no child to keep my fame,

I'le

le call it Thorny Abbey by my name.
1 *Cit.* We shall perform your charge: good Sir for pitty
t least remember your most wretched daughter.
Thorn. You tear my heart, when you but mention her;
Were every penny that is mine a pound,
And the least part of it given for her dowry
Would raise her to the Title of a Queen:
She never should possess it. Her foul sin
Hath brought myne age with sorrow to the grave.
2 *Cit.* Poor soul, she spends her hours in a reclusive life
With holy Nunnes, and lives a votarist in Holywell;
That comfort, Sir, should somewhat ease your grief.
Thorn. It does, it does, and draws down tears to hear it.
Give her a constant heart: oh powerfull heaven!
Still to perseve e in that pious end.
And as a signe that I forgive, so she continues firme,
Bear her this blessed token sent from me:
A Fathers gift, and charge her carefully
To look upon this head, and there select
Reasons to answer all the Arguments
Of flesh and blood; there she shall see
The perfect way to find eternity.
And so for ever may your soules be blest;
Whilst from the world and you I thus take rest.
Exit.
Lob. Are they gone; then Lobster lay about thee:
Open thy mouth, and let in these

Mor-

Morsels of mortality to gorge thy hunger.
Well, i'le in to a corner and feed like a mandin
Soldier. *Exit.*

Ent. *Edmund* and *Bishop.*

Edm. Seek not to disallow my good intent,
For I must visit her.

Bish. To give your grace some satisfaction,
I'le pass a little with Religious Orders:
For ne're no man, unless a Frier in confession,
Might meet in private with a sacred Nunne.

Edm. High seated Iove far meaner shapes di
take,
When he did visit his fair Parramour,
And shall I, that am a mortall then disdaine
The holy habit of a frolick Fryer?
No Reverent man, stand it with thy good liking
That shape above all other I would take.

Bish. You shall, in hope your deeds
Shall no way tend to acts of sacriledge.

Edm. To sacriledge: no our thoughts are pur
and free
From the least thought of such a horrid crime:
The habit I will take onely because
I would be admitted to her unknown.

Bish. Your thoughts are noble Sir, and we'l
assist you:

Puts on a Fryer's shape.

Put on this habit, and affect your wishes,
Let me alone to get admittance for you.

Edm. How doe you like me in this habit, m
Lord?

Bish. Now by my holy Order, Royall Lord,
You in this shape may be admitted
Unto all our Nunnes, and be a helper
To increase their store.

Exit.

Edm. There will be one the leſs by her I fear.

Ent. *Abeſſe* and *Nunnes.*

Ab. Your humble hand-maids, High and Reverent Lord,
Thus bow themſelves before your Fatherhood.

Bish. We come grave Lady to have conference
With one of your Religious Votariſts,
That has, we hear, without Confeſſion
Lived many years in this your Nunnery:
Whoſe Father being a worthy Cittizen,
All careleſs of his life hath left his calling,
And by the River Thames, a mile from London,
He late ha h builded up a famous Abbey,
Call'd by his own name, *Thorny*; and for this,
Fearing ſome ſin of hers hath thus inforc't him;
I have here brought a holy Confeſſor,
That finding the true cauſe, we may appear
To reconcile her to her Fathers love.

Ab. 'Tis a pious work.

Bish. Is ſhe not here amongſt theſe holy Siſters?

Ab. No, my good Lord, go on and call her forth.

Edm. I'le be her Confeſſor.

Bish. And will not trouble your devotion;
Come holy Siſter, leave them to themſelves.

Ab. Beleeve me gratious Lord, I know no cauſe
In her that ſhould inforce her Father
In ſuch ſort to eſtrange his love;
Her life is modeſt, chaſte and vertuous.

Ent. *Anne with a deaths-head.*

See here, ſhe comes ſadly alone:
Ever in grief and contemplation.
It is the Reverent Biſhop holy Daughter,
That here has brought a holy Confeſſour

To

To have some conference about your Father.

Exi

Edm. Oh! who can see a beauty muffled up
Thus like the sun in a malignant cloud,
And not shed tears: Beauteous Nun,
I came from your Father.

An. My Father? oh! holy powers forgive him
That has forgotten me: but I'le pray for him.
He never more will see me but in death,
As this sad token sent me witnesseth;
And 'tis more welcome comming from his hands
Then all earths pleasure: here I'le learn to dye,
And never grieve him with my memory.
This object tells me, that this life is vain,
All come from earth and must to earth again.

Edm. A good resolve a vertuous persuasion;
But tell me fairest, what was the cause
That made your Father to forsake you thus?

An. Heaven pardon him, I pray, that sundred us.

Edm. Him? who? why? were there more Originalls
Then your self?

An. Oh holy Frier, let that point alone.
I may hurt one by that confession,
Which once I dearly loved, but woe is me,
His love has brought me to this misery.

Edm. What was he? speak, for you are sworn
To open every scruple of your conscience
To your Confessor that his sapient judgment
May minister a balsome to your wounds,
The oyl of vertuous counsell that's distilde
From the unfained counsell of a tongue
That still speaks truth Play the good Chirurgeon,
Draw forth the filthy ulcers of your ill.

That

That your immaculate good may still rest sound:
Else the corrupted fistula of Sin
Will putrifie the purest of your goodness:
Nor need you fear I will disclose,
For I am sworn ever to keep it close.

An. O! holy Father, pray for me, and him I once did love.

Edm. It is my duty for to pray for him,
To entreat the powers above to quit his sin.
And yours: what e're it were, but one
You once did love; in that there is no sin.

An. Not, if the hearts be true;
But ours met not, and there my sorrow grew.
His place wa high, and eminent in State:
Mine low of birth, and most unfortunate.
Oh! let me name his Name with Reverence,
He is a Royal, great and gracious Prince:
Nay more, he's now a King.

Edm. But tell me pray,
Was not your love equally paid from him?

An. Oh no! his very thought yet comforts me:
Yet 'tis for him I live in misery.
Lord Edmund, Brother to the King deceast,
Made me believe he lov'd me, and I thought
His oaths and protestations like himself
Should all be Noble, true and virtuous.
So rendred up my Virgin state to him:
Oh! then my grief began; he soon forgot
His former vows, and left me big with child,
Which being by my Father once espide,
And I not daring to make known my love,
Lest I should wrong the Prince: in rage and grief
He thrust me forth his doors: exclaim'd on me,
Taking such grief unto his aged heart,
That never since he would acknowledge me;
And in a grave he leads a life so poor,

That to my heart it is a grievous sore,
The angry Fates have all conspir'd to show
The most that their enraged power can do.
My father's heart hath quite renounc't his child,
And my affections from my self exil'd.
I onely wish my hasty hour-glass run,
And with my cares my daily tears were done.

Edm. The King is just; how can there be then
Such unexpected Constancy in men?

Anne. My noble King is just, to whose royal breast,
'Tis too great boldnesse, for me to make request.
I am too mean for him to think upon,
Long may he live, and long t'enjoy his own:
That everlasting dayes may Crown his head,
Shall be my pray'rs while here I'me Cloistered.

Edm. What a soul of Virtue hath this woman!

Anne. My father's Legacy, this Sceleton
Shall be my mate, and sole Companion;
This face will not deceive me: 'tis my dear
And counstant tutour, I will it hear;
And in my armes for ever shall it lye,
'Till death and dust have hid my misery.

Edm. Oh my heart, how heavy art thou grown!
My lord Bishop, I can no longer own
This Fryars Coul, for I must now discloſe
My self, sh'has suffer'd for my woes.
But yet I'le stay and see the event of all.

Enter *Wiltshire*, young *Edmund*, and *Abbesse*.

Woodf Here comes your fair Son,
To see you, Nun.

Aun. Oh my dear Child!

Young Edm. Am I a King's Son, Mother?

An. I dare not say, thou art; yet heaven wel knowes it.

Wil

Wilt. Our good King's fair ſoul hath confeſt it,

An. My duty on my knees I render him,
Beſeeching you to aſſure his Majeſty,
That if the holy vows of faithfull hearts,
Witneſt by heaven, may make a marriage lawfull
Without this earthly ceremonious ſtate,
This child is onely his legit mate.

Edm. I can forbear no longer, I believe thee.
Come to my ſoul, thou beſt of women!
Within this ſmall circumference of my armes
I hold a jewel,
That which I priſe more then my diadem.
Come my dear love.

An. Oh my dear Lord!

Abb. The King turn'd Friar?

Edm. Come I muſt take away your Votaris.

Abb. Your Highneſs may command, ſo ſhe be pleas'd.
I could my ſelf change ſtates, to be ſo rais'd.

Edm. Dry up theſe tears, all grief is overthrown.

An. Content be yours: I am no more my own,
But Oh! my Father.

Edm. Has loſt himſelf in grief; but when he hears
Our ſacred union, he'll find new joys:
Come my fair Queen; ſet forward to our Court,
Where we'l eſpouſe thee. On Reverend Biſhop,
Thy hand ſhall joyn us; let all people ſing,
Anne Thorny's wife unto Great Englands King.
Exit.

Ent. *Old Thorny, led by an Angel.*

Th. Oh! ſtay, thou Miniſter, yet ſpeak to me.

Why hast thou led me all this silent night
'Bout this large building, as if y'ould survey
Their workmanship and statelinesse;
I did not for my self erect this pile:
I have a Pallace for my proper use.

Ang. From the white path of blest Eternitie,
I'me sent to comfort thy mortality:
Persevere Thorny, as thou hast begun;
Thou shalt be made a bright Celestiall Sun,
And with a quire of Angels thou shalt sing.
Thy pilgrimage and toyl is almost ended,
And now arriv'd whither thy steps have tended,
Leaving the world and her abortive race,
And sit as King in an immaculate place. *Exit.*

Thor. Into what Sphear is my transcending soul
Climb'd from the earth: me thinks even now, I see
How death comes in, to part this world and me.
I'le hast me to my tombe, and meet thee there.
What ho my man; wake Sirrah, rise, and leave
My silent tomb: I'le now go sleep my self.

Lob. I can never rest, sleeping nor waking. This 'tis to serve a Master that's troubled with Chollimolly. Some talk of taking pleasure in their bed, I'm sure I take none there; for I am almost asleep before I go to bed, and I am call'd up before I wake. And this my masters bed, that he sayes shall be his grave, is none of the softest, and surely none of the easiest neither; for if it were he would not talk so much of it. He thinks, says and speaks of nothing else. but of that and his dying, two things I can't abide to hear of: If he would mention good provision, as plum-PUDDING, good pouder'd beef, mutton or veal, turkies or capons, pasties or tarts; there were

were ſome comfort towards the keeping up of this poor frail fleſh. But he's alwayes peeping on a bare deadman's head, talking of grim death, of an hourglaſſe run out, and of tapers that are burnt, and ſuch like heavy ſtuffe, that my weak ſtomack can't digeſt. Well, I'le walk eaſily home and ſee what Joan hath provided for us; for unleſſe I do look after all, we ſhall have nothing.

Exit.

Thorney awakes and enters.

Thus, thus my joyes are quite extinguiſht, never
To be reviv'd: thus gon, thus gon for ever.
Oh world, what art thou? naught but diſcontent,
A Chaos of confuſion, making man repent
All his delight and pleaſure he hath paſt;
That bringeth naught but miſery at laſt.
Oh heaven! how much unto thee am I bound?
That I an end of this my grief have found;
And through this pilgrimage of life at laſt
With patience through it I have gone and paſt;
But oh! the ſad remembrance of my child
Has drawn back my grief, that now was quite exil'd;
Still gripes my heart; but being now to die,
All dying men ſhould end in charity.
I doe forgive her now: doe thou ſo heaven,
And then the debt of her defame is even.

Enter *Young Edmund, Wiltſhire* and *Woodford.*

Young Edm Good Sir, where, where's my grandfather?
Pray ſhew him me,
That I may ask his bleſſing on my knee.

Thorn. Ha! what apparition's this? I was awake even now,

Why doe you kneel, or thus ſtand bare about me?
You doe not worſhip me, I'me ſure; I am no
Idol;
You hear me ſpeak, I hope.
VVood. We think no leſs, but that you are a
man,
And living;
This, Mr. Thorney, is the Royal Prince.
Thorn. Pray, pardon me, I doe not come at
Court.
You ſee good Sir, what doting age can doe:
It is my duty then to kneel to you.
VVood. Stand up, good Sir, alas! why doe you
kneel?
Why doe you turn aſide?
Thorn. Stand up my DaughtersSon,
And tempt no more my reſolution:
I'le ne're more ſee thee, nor thy worthy
Mother Queen,
Though trap't with all the ornaments of ſtate:
And for her memory, even Thee I hate:
Yet though I ſee thee not, thus on thy head
I'le backward lay my hand, and bend my knee,
With ſighs and tears to pull a bleſſing down,
Shall be more pretious then thy fathers Crown;
Let heaven and holy Angels ever ſpread
Their bleſt beatitudes upon thy head;
Peace crown thy days; all graces thee attend,
And to thy race, let thy race never end:
Live long in virtue, let thy good o'regrow
thee,
Or die before thy bad ſhall overthrow thee;
Nay riſe my Child, thy face ne're more I'le ſee,
But pray to ſend thee bleſt eternitie:
Commend me to thy Mother; ſay, that I
Freely forgive her, and to heavens doe pray,

To

To wipe her deep insculped sins away:
And though on earth she now is placed high,
Oh! let her ne're transcend Humility.
My starrs burn dim; my times sand-glass is run.
Record what for a daughter I have done;
And to the King, my Royal Son, say thus,
That his bale Father dy'd ambitious.
For when his fainting body thus sunk down,
His soul flew up to heav'n, to gain a Crown.

Young Edm. O my Grandsire! *Dyes.*

VVood. I want tears to lament his misery.

VVilt. Where's the Reverend man?

VVood. He's dead, he's dead.

My good Lord of Wiltshire;
Before the gasp of his last breath was gon,
(His speech being usher'd with a deep fetcht groan,
Through the sad confluence and mistie throng
Of his distracted thoughts) his feeble tongue
Dropt forth these words; Thus fleet, thus transitory
Is mans delight, and all that painted glory
Poor earth can give: Nor wealth, nor bloud, nor beauty
Can quit the debt, that necessary duty
They owe to change and time; but like a flow'r
They flourish now, and fade within an hour.

Wilt. The world is like a Play, his glass is run.
Death acts the Epilogue, and thus his dayes are done.
The King and Queen are come to comfort him.

VVood. They come too late,
Whirlewinds of grief has overwhelm'd lifes state.

VVilt. He is then dead.

Alas! this ſuddain death
Will ſtrike the Court with grief and heavineſs;
But hark, they come.

Ent. *King*, *Queen* and *Attendants*.

King. Where's aged Thorny?

Quee. Where's my diſpleaſed Father?

VVoodf. Here's his Effigies drawn unto the life:

By the grave workman of mortality,
All dreading death: this doth prefigurate
Man's pilgrimage; on earth whole ſteps do tend
To bring his life unto his journyes end.

Queen. O me! unhappie eyes, rain down bring drops,
And with them here embalme my Father's Corps.
Had I but got his bleſſing e're he died,
I had bin happy.

Young Edm. You want not that, Mother,
For in his bleſſing me, he did name you,
And ſent to you a bleſt Beatitude.

Queen. Heaven quit him for't: let all the Court
In black lament his death:
And let's in ſighes chaunt forth his *requiem*;
And to expreſs my love unto the Hearſe,
From whence I came, the Nuns I'le freely give
Five hundred pounds a year whiles that I live.

King. And I'le make ſure thy gift. And now,
His old lamented Corps let be convai'd
Upon a Chariot, lin'd and overlaid
With Sables; then to receive the Crown
Prepar'd for Virtue and deſerv'd Renown:
Where now we leave him to be full poſſeſt
Of endleſſe peace and everlaſting Reſt.

Set

Set on to Court, 'till a fit time doth call
To ſolemnize this mournfull Funeral:
And while the world ſhall laſt, old Thorny's name
Shall live recorded in the book of Fame.

FINIS.